

Maestro Insana's Room III

It's all in the point of view
One takes of the situation.
You could say that the Maestro
Was merely a senile old man
With delusions of a grandeur
That was never achieved.
You could be nice and say that
He was just another lonely old man
In search of company and found it
Up in the Fine Arts Building,
That indomitable refuge of old Polish
Housewives, sick contraltos, and
Charley, the janitor. And, in the end,
What harm is there in it all?

Maestro Insana's Room IV

Never having been there I really can't
Be the most reliable witness as to what
Occurred. Especially since there has been
So much exaggeration in the past as to
The purported events which took place
In that den of sadistic delight.
I can only say that it must have been,
If the accounts are to be taken seriously,
A mad, mad little world to be in.

Maestro Insana's Room V

I shall never forget it — no one showing up
For the fine rehearsals. So we turned to
The piano and the inevitable match fight
The flaming matches arcing towards the player
As he dodged them and grinned insanely.
After that what was left? Of course,
The Frankenstein bit. Lights at the end
Of the hall flickering rapidly as the
Body twitched spasmodically and rose
To march toward us. Too much. Too much.
Left on the door was a smear of black
Paint as we all filed silently to the
Elevators exhausted by the echoes of our
Juvenile madness. Amen. Amen. Amen.

— Oliver Haddo